

Factory

B.G.

What's Happenin Mayne?
This Lil' B.G
Your #1 Hot Boy
and I got my Chopper City boys ridin with me
You know what I'm saying
and we bout to fuck the game up on some real nigga shit. Look

I'm official in any neck of the woods
I could hop out on any step in any hood
Niggaz know me and will come up and wanna fuck with me bad
A click of niggaz with choppers in black with ski masks
I'm a coach so I play the sideline
Let Kizzle go and snipe at these niggaz that out of line
I'm a hot boy, people know whats happening with me
Took the chrome of all my whips and put 'em on factory
I could do that, shit real round here
Ask a nigga, all that stuntin get you killed round here
Park the Benz, hop in the crown vict
Behind a little more tenth, think I'm the law, I spin a little bit
I just blend in with the rest of the traffic
You don't know its me thats in the camoflaug caddy
It's 2004, Chopper City in this bitch
Fuckin the game up on some real nigga shit
We still get our shine on, ya heard me

We on factory, We on factory
We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory
We on factory, We on factory
We took all the 22's, We on factory

Y'all hoes still gonna jock us cause we real
Nigga What's Happenin

I'm a flosser, you know I be iced out
Hot Kizzle, the hot boy with no slugs in my mouth
I'm an ex-drug dealer, used to have drugs in my house
Now I know how I'm livin with real thugs in my house
If I ain't on chrome, your bitch still gonna jock me (Fa Real)
Man I'm on fact and that nigga still gonna knock me
You hate niggaz, y'all really need to stop it
I'm young with bad nerves, I got the K in the closet
My wrist worth 20, Neck worth 20
Earrings worth 10, bitch the whip cost 100
100 in the case, 17 in the glock
Two million where I stay, 20 bricks on the block
I'm a mary jane smoker, game soaker
Frame thrower, A Uptown Lane Roaster
A 100% real nigga, look me up and down
Located in Chopper City, G'd Up in Soulja Town

Fuck pushing 10 whips, I spin in the wide track
Bitches still get side-tracked
Ain't got my ass out, ride class course, they pass out
Been tossin brizzles with Gizzle before vehicle
Actually factory got me with a whole faculty
I got dubs but I thug and play hubcaps
They love trap but don't need to tell

and the bullets sell and your body in hell
and shot 'em villians and pulled off alot
in big bodies, no ceilings, three wheelers
thats how I'm peelin but I'm still the pigeon from runnin straight
Low, Low, 4-Door, Something tinted up on factory
I'm Lo Pro, foul, dicksuckers no longer be harassin me
Niggaz actually trippin thinking a nigga
Can't tell the difference between them adapter kits
and the set of sprewells, man they slippin
I'm on factory, with 20 stacks on me
With 40 cal, I ain't worried bout nobody jacking me
But people hacking me, they just be passing me
I just got my package from the west right back to the east

Yeah, You pullin up at the light
Your rims looking good
You got them spinners
But when your hoe asks you to take her out
You can't even afford I-Hop
You pullin up at the club
Jumping out with brand new shirts on
And she say gimme some money
You can't even keep your phone on
Nigga we on factory behind them old 10s
with 20 stacks in our pocket nigga
This Ziggler the Wiggler baby
and we kicking the door open for some real niggaz
You understand me, Guess what?
All them real niggaz, you got a chance now baby
and we out, oh boy